DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES

DISTRICT OF NORTH DAKOTA

ANDREW MILLER, DISTRICT JUDGE
FARGO, NORTH DAKOTA
CHARLES F. AMIDON, DISTRICT JUDGE
FARGO, NORTH DAKOTA

Fargo, North Dakota,
June 5, 1928.

Mrs. Hattie K. Ustick,
826 Wood St.,
Vineland, N. J.

Dear Mrs. Ustick:

Your letter addressed to me at Inglewood has just reached me here, where I am spending a few days. I sent you a copy of the Forum giving an account of my retirement as judge.

I have passed the old home on Eighth Street many times in the few days and had some precious memories brought to life again. I think the house is used as a home for professional working women. It was made over into that use by Mrs. Roberts.

We are spending our summer again at Buck Hill Falls. Mrs. Amidon is already there. I hope I shall find my way to Vineland this year.

With kindest remembrance,

Sincerely yours,

Charles F. Amidon

May 14,1929.

Dear Hattie:--

Was undecided whether to iron today,or clean my kitchen cupboard. Finally made up my mind I'd do neither. My letters are piled so high doubt if I ever get to the bottom,and letters are my company and mean a lot to me,so think I'll give part of the day to them,especially as Jim is bringing a boy home to dinner with him,-nice chap who went through grade and high with him. He is at present storming Hollywood,-a writer not an actor - and guess he has had some success in the two years here. He has had some hard times too,and (strictly between you and me),guess he would have hard pulling just now were it not for Jim. Seems to me hard times and hard pulling are pretty common here, for all the lovely estates and grand homes. Salaries low and living high,and there you are! Well,we have joined the great majority (on earth) here. We are all of us nearly dead broke. Jimmy was the rich(!) one. Like an industrious little squirrel,he had saved his money until he had quite a good sum. Then a man who is a heavy stock holder in the store,and quite a successful business man of Hollywood suggested that the boys take some certain stock. A gold stock too,which is of course almost a joke. However this concern has already paid some premiums,and is controlled by well known business men in H. The man was so persuasive and the stock was going so fast that we all plunged,-Jim with all he had (he loaned Morton five hundred too,so he could get in) and M.and I with five hundred each. That practically wipes <u>me</u> out. We expected to be rich in a few days,but up to date we are <u>not</u>. However,we could sell our stock for quite a bit more than we paid. We paid one dollar a share and it is quoted on the curb (Los Angeles) at anywhere from 135 to 142. They really have struck a fine vein of ore,and have a lot of low grade they are working all the time,but this new vein is what we are banking on. Trouble is that as soon as this find was made public several copy cats got busy with big ads and so on. Our mine is "Gold Ace". These others display big ads for the "Gold<u>en</u> Ace","Gold Ace <u>Extension</u>" and so on,and speak of the "big strikes" and so on,and then offer their stock for a few cents each share, Sunday was M.and my twenty-fifth wedding anniversary,and seeing it was Mother's Day too,thought we ought to have a real celebration. But Jimmy begged us to postpone it. He had been invited to dinner at a place he wishes to keep in with. Jimmy is not mercenary,but his "contacts" have helped him some,and this one is particularly good,so M.and I started out late in the afternoon for a small celebration of our own. We went to Lincoln Park,and were greatly enjoying the green house,saw bread fruit trees,only they are vines there and they, the stems are small at the roots and grow larger as they grow higher. Pretty soon the manager,or whatever he is said it was closing time so we went out before we have seen a tenth of it. This park is greatly patronized by the dark skins of L.A. Mexicans,Japs and so on. According to samples of the Japs I have seen,they will soon bury the other races with sheer numbers. Their children stream out like the tail of a comet when the family go walking in the park. Bright looking little duds too. The young girls we saw in the park with their boy friends did not display that wonderful reserve and general perfection some of the friendly writers,and Jap writers, have led one to expect either. They seemed quite human. Lot of dark eyed Mexican girls had found sailor boys from some U.S.boat and were enjoying themselves. Big private Zoo near.Fred and M.went when F.was here, but I was content with an occasional roar,and that was FREE. You had to pay to <u>see</u> them. Queer trees and many flowers,most of them strange to us,and of course a lake. Guess that is artificial. Good sized one though. Then we stopped down town and had a dinner at a popular hotel. Nothing extra,but good enough,and anyway I had not cooked it,and we HAD celebrated.
Feel quite ashamed that I can offer nothing more exciting than a park and a dollar dinner after your whale story,but you have us beat a mile and then some. How did the poor thing happen to drift ashore? Suppose he died first and the waves did the rest. And what did the folks do with him? He could not

be just left there,and it will be something of a job I'd say to bury him. I'd like to see a whale,but maybe it is just as well to let the eastern coast have them after all. Disappointed that your neuralgia sticks around. Thought the hot weather might rout it. Understand that Paul W.is on a chicken ranch,but whether the ranch is his own or he is working for someone else,do not know. Have not heard of his marrying again. Guess he had hard enough time getting rid of Grace so he is content to try it alone. Sorry for the poor boy,awfully sorry,and Helen loved him so devotedly. If we were differently located would try and look him up. As it is can't do much. Morton thinks he will go to the Yellowstone for the season. Expects to start in a week or so. Salaries are so terribly low here that he wants to see real money again he says. Jim was asked to go,but has other ideas at present. Do not know what plans we shall make after Morton leaves. Mabe get another of Jim's friends here,but if so,shall try to arrange it so I have breakfast only to get for him. Maybe we will move. Don't know. Just kind of drifting along and hoping we shall find a nice little cove some place this side of the grave. Both Maurice and I are much stronger than when we came,and we do get out often. Had a nice letter from Mrs Winchester this morning. Would send only like to keep until answered. She said that Edna,her daughter Mrs Ramstad, has been ill all winter,one attack of flu after the other. She is with her mother in San Diego you know. Edna will return to N.D.as soon as her little girl is out of school. Mrs W.expects to stay. Says she keeps very well. Said that Marcella went East via auto,rode with friends who invited her to share their car. Said she had not seen Bell or Ruth lately. Thanks for sending the Buck Hill Falls ad. Sounds like an ideal place in which to spend the summer. Suppose the Amidons will be starting soon. Now that J.and M.see how I enjoy my little chair,they are giving alibi for themselves. M."thought Jim was going to get it",and Jim was"going to but did not have time to look it up". I just give them a fishy look when they say those things,just as fishy as can be managed and never a word to make them feel better. Really guess though it was better to let me select my own. Well I could keep on like this for another hour or so,but will do a lot better; stop and let Hannah finish the letter. Her letter is partly to you anyway. Told her I slipped in one of her letters occasionally.

Ever so much love,

Yours

Rev. and 1812
Wars Section.

Oct-1

October 12, 1927

Elena J. Darling
Historical & Antiquarian Society
Vineland, N. J.

Madam:

I have to advise you from the papers in the Revolutionary War pension claim W. 16037, it appears that Nathaniel King, while a resident of Kingston, Plymouth County, Massachusetts, enlisted February 16, 1777 and served until March 5, 1778 as Corporal in Captain Stoddard's Company, Colonel Vose's Massachusetts Regiment.

He died May 29, 1809 at Winchester, Cheshire County, New Hampshire.

Soldier married October 1, 1767 at Kingston, Massachusetts, Rebecca Evason or Everson. He was then of Plimpton, and she of said Kingston.

She was allowed pension on her application

I used state report as she was granted pension at it.

ELENA J. DARLING
826 WOOD STREET
VINELAND, N.J.

1945

Dear Lyn:-

From sheer gratitude for your appreciation of Benj. S. and his Day Book. I could gladly weep on your shoulder (except it would be a very spotty performance for said shoulder of which Elizabeth would certainly disapprove, & a most unbecoming one for me) but you are the only person who seems to have sensed what I was struggling after — or to have really cared. You too, saw the glimmers of good undoing all the errors of printer and typesetter. Even Emily, when given a copy merely remarked it was a pity about the back-cover page, but the front-cover page was alright, nor did she open it at all until given your letter to read. I tried talking it over with her, but after the first she was too openly bored.—

You must not mind the return of "Lo. R. Emory" - He is very nice, but it was intended to send the booklets where wanted - as long as they last. Alan or Patricia shall have one if they wish only each pamphlet has to be taken apart and corrected and that will have to wait until I go back to the Hist. Society where my presses are. This won't be for some ~~little~~ time as for ten or twelve days I was in bed exchanging salutations

with pleurisy & incipient pneumonia. Yesterday and the day before I sat by the open fire — where I began this letter, today the doctor said I was a blot on the escutcheon of Emily's sitting room, so sent me back to bed where I am now scribbling — what you may not be able to read.

Wish we might talk family; Sister says the accomplished fact would interest you, but not all details of pros & cons — but I am counting on your Lyn, enough to send a copy of a chart I made for dear old Dr. Harwood who helped so much with the King-Hutchins-Pratt relationship in N.Y. It will be sent in a few days, that is.

You will see the Pratt & Diggory Priest lines are clear, but Hutchins, Smith and King lines are blocked or uncertain. Sent to Mr. C. A. Torrey, of Dorchester, Mass., the King branch as I worked it out, giving authority for each link and why one link seem- too weak to hold. He brushed the objections aside & was so pleased with the finding that he went to all the trouble of supplying the wives & their ancestry making an enviable tree; but I still trip over the "weak link" added to which the resemblance between Gen. King & Uncle Fred is too strong to be ignored and Gen. King's sister sent me a copy of a Bible record showing they descend from a Samuel Rice King. Now S. R. K. I found was the son of S. Rice & Elizabeth King who, dying shortly after the birth of her son, willed him for adoption, to her brother Peter King; Peter & Eliz. being the only children of (I think) a Thos. King. But, again, the records are imperfect.

If you have struggled through to here you will have achieved wonders. Please thank Elizabeth for her letter, with love to you both.

Elena.

Jan 15-18 1945.

from Elena Darling

Dear Cousins:-

In the first place how do you like my new embossed (on the reverse side) stationary? Mr. Silverman carries on a mens clothing store in Vineland and how one or two tablets like this came to be in our attic after the Silbersteins left the upstairs apartment, I do not know, but I have used the paper in making copy for the magazine, and finding note-paper-poverty staring me in the face this afternoon, to use it seemed better than not writing.

This is Sunday - what is left of it - and for me it has certainly been a day of rest. After nearly eight hours good sleep, Mandy woke me a few minutes before time to turn on the furnace, then after another hour I dressed, did the usual things to be done in starting a house off for the day, which this morning included brushing up four times the sun-flower seeds Sue scattered all over the long shelf by the sink, as she hunted for peanuts in the seed dish, the cover of which she can push off. I had thought it it secue each time it was left, for I surrounded it with other Mexican dishes to hold its cover on, but only security will lie in putting no peanuts there. At 10:30 I sat down to a breakfast of waffles and coffee with one of the new grape fruit from Isaac van Deusen's trees, my tray being on a card table by one of the big chairs by the window where the sun came flooding in so soothingly that before the last cup of coffee had been disposed of I was asleep and did not waken until 2:45. Went out in the little strip of yard with the kittens and looked at the four little yellow crocuses and the tips of the hyacinths that show, but the wind was

too strong and cold. Our snow is all gone, even that of Friday night.

As to great grandfather Lyndon, I do no recall what I wrote before, except that I recommended the four volume history of Franklin Co. N. Y., which will be almost sure to be in the Wisconsin Historical So. library. I feel certain it contains an account of the Central College of N. Y. of which he was one of the founders and where Uncle Will and I think my grandfather John as well as Uncle Dane went and where we know your mother and Aunt Mary were sent. I remember Aunt Julia telling how the girls did the housework, while the men worked the farm. It was to be that type of a college, where there were to be no drones, but all shared equally in the labor. John Gage tried the same thing here in Vineland when the town was young, but it too failed, although there was no race mixture here. Aunt Julia told of one giant of a negro, newly come from Africa, very dark, said to have been the son of a chief. He held himself majestically and the girls stood in rather adoring awe of him. Then, of course there was Uncle Allen who I think taught mathematics. He was light as to skin, but had the hair and features that left no doubt of his race. He too was an object of admiration and could have eloped with several girls besides Aunt Mary. I dont know which other brother of hers went with Uncle Will, intent on making it impossible for Uncle Allen to have children, but they were too late,- the ship had sailed before they reached the dock.

I wonder if Aunt Mary ever wished she had not married him or felt any aversion toward or for her dark babies? She must have been homesick often enough, poor soul, in spite of the loyalty of her sisters and sisters-in-

law. Do you recall what a secretive, hushed feeling there was in the house when one of her letters came? It was quite thrilling, though Grandmother thought we didnt know. You remember Florence King Carpenter, Uncle Tom's daughter; she was in a high state of mind over this dark blot upon the stainless family escutcheon and begged me not to hint at it in writing up our genealogy nor let her sister Blanch glimps it, as she had shielded her always from any knowledge of it. As Blanch was married with two children it seemed as if she ought to be able to bear up under the shock, as it in no way touched her directly. But you wantrd something about your grandfather not your silly cousins. He did not want to be addressed as the Reverend Mr. King, claiming no man was good enough to be called reverend. He broke with the Methodists at the Blackwater Conference because he felt them too slow about expressing a firm stand against slavery. His half brother Rufus remained with the Methodist body and rose to have quite a standing therein.

Of course you grandfather and mine were on the Underground; mother said she recalled one time when two or three negroes came together, and she was distressed not only for fear the slaves would be caught, but because the flour barrel was getting low and she had no way of knowing when it would be filled again. She used to say that was a constant fear hanging over her head for the bottom had to be scraped so many times; she was the housekeeper as much as was grandmother who, from the time Mother was thirteen used to leave her in charge of the house and the younger children, while grandmother went driving with Grandfather to towns far enough away so that they would be gone for a night or two. Of course there were the older brothers

to give protection, but the household rested on Mother.

Grandfather Lyndon's ministry lay largely, I think, in the towns between Malone and Ogdensburg. I know he lived at Fulton and Malone which with its surrounding villages is quite a King stronghold. How I wish you two and I could follow up his trail, reading the old newspapers to discover it and what was said of him. It was in an attic in Malone that your mother found what she said was proof we were related to Orson Pratt, and so stopped working on the family history she had been so interested in before. What a pity she did not keep on, for then she would have found we come from a totally different emegrant ancestor,- to my great regret. Orson was a clever rascal and the Mormons a wonderful people. Did you read in the March Digest "Salt Lake City Tabernacle Sings"?

I would not wonder if you told the librarian - or one of them - that you are interested in the local histories of the towns in Northern New York State, especially Malone, she could give you other, and possibly better, books than those of which I spoke. You might even discover the parentage of our Ebenezer Hutchins the father of Orilla Hutchins, Grandfather Lyndon's first wife, so your grandmother. I found trace of him in Vermont, but came to a stop there. If only he is the one with the Scotch blood we are supposed we have, we all could bloom out in the Hutchins plaid which is quite a nice one which would make a stunning sports coat or skirt.

It has been arranged so that I need go down to the Historical rooms three times a week, as I am to be relieved of the duties of custodian to my great pleasure. It was too much for me to take care of properly as I

have been telling the trustees for the last two or three years. Mrs. Hatch comes in three times a week as custodian. Much of my paper work can be done here at home, besides giving me three afternoons free if I want them for outside research. I am very happy over it.

------- It is now Monday and I was awake all night long, so needed the Saturday and Sunday sleep. I have been troubled with some sort of a something that does not show unless it is rubbed raw, but itches so that I have rubbed it raw so now I look as if I had the spotted fever, and it keeps me from sleeping many nights. It is not so troublesome during the day, because I am busy thinking of other things, I suppose. Mandy is reminding me that it is really dinner time in spite of its not being dark, so I'll feed the kittens then myself. Think I'll make a spice cake too and have a good fire as the wind is turning cold and raw. Come both of you to supper and spend the evening with us,- we would so love it.

May all be well with you and your family, with love,

Elsie

P. S. On one of these trips Grandmother took with Grandfather, they stopped at a little hotel where the landlord had a plump, pretty daughter who, somehow or other, found herself on the knee of the Rev. John, and was chatting happily along until Grandmother opened the door. Conversation did not cease but the topic and the speaker changed. Eliza Ann had very decided notions as to the behavior of husbands, especially ministerial ones, and your Uncle John had a hard time explaining to her, with any degree of conviction, "that it didn't mean anything at all." And truly I don't suppose it did - still it was not a sight that made the rest of the journey any pleasanter. That generation of Kings, from what I have heard, had a roving eye, but not a wicked one.

I seem to have written more about my grandfather than yours. I am sorry

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April 3rd, 1956.

Dear Cousins:-

Now it is my turn to be troubled about how the storm may have affected you. The N. Y. paper did not mention any damage done in Madison, although it spoke of high winds, and they can do unconfortable things even if not actually serious ones. How were you treated? Not even to discomfort, I hope.

Lyn, dont be in too much of a hurry to write up the King line, there are several stumbling blocks in the way of birth dates and parents which must be verified, although they appear to fit. Just where Nathaniel King was born I cannot tell you. He gave Plympton as his place of residence when he married and Kingston as home, when he enlisted. As he had married a Kingston girl he probably moved there from Plympton, but could well have been born in Plymouth. We have none of those vital records, but Boston's often give what is needed. Then Susanna Smith who married Nathaniel Jr., in 1796, she being of Swanzey, N. H., and he of Winchester. A Susanna Smith was born in Chesterfield, N. H., only a few miles from Swanzey, in 1778, which would make her a nice 18 at the time of marriage, but according to a history of the county, the huzzy married another man. Were there two girls of the same name, cousins, perhaps, or was the local history incorrect. I need to write the town or county recorder and find out. I hope the birth record I have of a Susanna is ours for it gives her parents which would start us off well on the Smith line. So many things I did not follow up as I should have done while in Winchester, but I worked as fast as I could and the vital records were in Keen, some distance away, but a charming town.

A letter is being inclosed because, if I have not already told you its contents, you will enjoy it, I am sure. Queer how things come about. Now I wonder if the Staples Gen. was ever published. I am writing Mr. Staples after all the years that have passed. He probably is younger than am I or Carlos P. Darling would not have urged him as he did.

Now about the Emery-Emory history you sent me which has never been acknowledged. You were given more of worth than is usual in these offered histories, and certainly you had your money's worth just in words. Thank you for letting me read it even if I have seemed indifferent and rude in my reception of it. I have copied off the generations in the line given in America and the arms to see from which county Burks says it comes from. This is such fun. Love to you both and the Allins.

Oh, Lyn, no, dont say you will never ask me another question! I love to have you do so, it is twice the pleasure to find a good new item when someone else is interested in it too! Besides you may have to as your last letter is not at hand, at the moment, and I only recall your quiry as to Abigail Warren. Yes she would give us another Mayflower ancestor, if she is proven to be the daughter of Richard, but you see there was another Abigail Warren drifting around about then, and we must be certain we can climb into the seats of the mighty before doing so, else we will suffer as the over bold always do. However, I rather think she was; Mrs. Warren and five children came over in 1623 and as there were only five Warren children Abigail must have been of the number, thus old enough to be married in a fe years. I will try to make certain this afternoon, but will not hold this note over, as there are several new ancestors, of which I am certain, to be added to what you already have, and little items about some of those already on our chart you will enjoy even if you do not want to trouble to include them in the King history you are writing.----------

Right here your last letter came and I'll answer the most important things in that and post them on my way down, leaving what else there is to say for a follow-on affair. Yes, your Christmas check came, welcomed as always, and I thanked you for it, which note you, in turn, seem to have missed. Now a confession. I did the utterly senseless thing, of whic I have been trying to break myself,- I tucked the check away for safe keeping until I decided just which of the many, I wanted to turn it into. Utter ly stupid, a hangover from the stocking-bank, I suppose; but when, recover- part of my mind, I went to deposit it with one or two others, it was not to be found - nor has it been to this day, although I have looked in every safe and unsafe place I can think of. I am so sorry to have messed up your carefully kept bank-book, but there it is. As the experienced Walter Jenkins who helps(?) me sometimes, said of the girl to whom he is "almost engaged" (Walter will be 18 in June) "Oh these women, these women, they are all alike, you can't depend on them."

As to us and the storm, we fared very well indeed; snow about 10 to 12 inches, enough to keep children home from school, and make good sledding, but tel. or electric wires down and lasting only a few days.

My itches are getting better, and I think your wise Dr Allin was, or is, correct about the trouble might be caused from eating one time that the trouble might be caused from eating veal heart every day for at least six weeks, but stopping has made no difference even after three weeks. I think the worst is past now for I found 4 sq. inches of unaffected skin last night and slept well. Much love to both of

Dec. 4th, 1958

Dear Cousins:-

If I remember correctly my post card said a letter would follow in a day or so, but the next twenty-four hours brought a telephone call which made me doubt my ears, as it came from Ernest from New York City, where he had descended, by air, from the "Ellen Bakke" of San Francisco and, as far as I kx knew, he still was.. He came on that night, and once more the livingroom was filled with pipes, tobacco, smoke, drawing paper, pens, pencils, books of design and reference, and letters, spilling over everywhere, while his bedroom was almost impassable from three big suit cases a large collapsable steamer trunk, a duffle-bag, stuffed full together with two or three grips,- all strategically ~~placed~~ placed where they have to be stepped on, over, or around in turning the thermostat, make up the bed or open either of the closet doors. Of course, if there was anyone here besides the cats and me, there would have to be more controle, but I am so glad to have him back and find his work of such interest that I like the confussion rather than find it troublesome. Besides Ernest washes the dishes, runs the arronds puts out the garbage pail and the bundles and boxes of rubbish, has made three beautiful coats of arms which I wanted done and my hands were too shakey to execute. Then too, in the evenings while he smokes his huge German pipe that is all decorated with

Tabbs

and what-have-you, he tells me about what he has been doing or thinking. Later he goes out for a beer, while I fix the cat's food for the night and that of the birds' for the morning, turn back the beds, etc. and wait for his return, when he prowles the ice-box for the wherewithall for sandwiches, which he makes and drinkables and we finally go to bed scandalously late. Yet I am feeling much better and as Ernest does not get up until about one oclock, we only have two meals a day,- a great boon for the cook. Besides, these activities, Elezabeth Emery has been to see me, Gladys, comes once in a while, but seldom with my house-guest here, and young Mr. Sheppard stops in every week or two for his noon cup of coffee and two slices of bread without butter or muffins with the fat building accompaniment. I am always so glad of his visits as he is vastly entertaining besides being most helpful in contributing to the magazine. He came out of the second World War a Col. but refuses to al- the title used. He was in India part of the time and was deeply stirred by what he saw there. He is a S. A R and was so disgusted with the superior attitude of the members that one day, half in jest, he announced he was organizing a new society to be made up of descendants of royal bastards. The members were greatly shocked, but when the plan was told to the members of the American Genealogical Society there was a clammor of delight and a great scurrying around among ancestors in order to find eligibility, even the staid, white haired officers of Boston, hunting for an ancestor born under the rose.

Mr. Sheppard has taken a list of my early forefathers with the hope he can propose my name. How would you like to be a member if we can?

You both know without asking, that there is nothing I would like better than to have you here,- but only on the ~~right~~ right conditions, the very first being that Elizabeth is well enough not only to consent to come, but to find making the house ready to leave not a burden, but work easy to do without feeling exhausted and the trip a pleasure in itself which would bring her here ready to face a household cat-ridden. This last I would try to save her from as much as possible. Another condition would be that the work on the bank, which is being all torn to pieces and remade, creating such noise and dirt that one is fairly deafened from morning until night, is finished. That would be hard on Lyndon, other wise as well as Elizabeth. Then, as I told you before, Mr. Creamer is no longer manager of the East-Landis Hotel which is now busy running down hill. Whether it will be too far down by the time summer is here, is a question. This all sounds as if I am trying to keep you in Madison,- as indeed I am if you either or both have to suffer as much as on the last visit. It is more than generous in you to offer and I shall hold the offer close to my heart as one of the dearest gifts given me.

Thank you for Florence's letter. As always she writes the sort of letter one wants to read,- only more so this time. How fortunate she is in her two sons and that Lyndon should write her so regularly - it is so unusual. Then that both are making their own way so successfully. My dear Mrs. Hancock's grandson who married at 16 to a 17 year old girl, about a little over a

year ago, now has a five months old son with another on the way and he not able to support them, of course, therefore living in a roomy trailer on his father's farm, right near the big house and while during the summer he works for his father, much additional help has to be given. Fortunately the young wife is a good cook, ~~is~~ loves taking care of her baby and rejoices over the coming of the feeling second; this last ~~is~~ may not be such a blessing since it may lead to building a large family all too rapidly.

The house is very quiet; Mandy asleep on the dining-table, Sue on that in the kitchen, while Ernest left a few days ago to room with a friend while looking for work in New York where he hopes he ~~is~~ can further himself in the gold and silver-smith's work. I am sleepy in spite of having napped both morning and afternoon. How I wish you could have at least half of my "inclination to sleep".

The new tenants are so quiet I hardly realize they are in the house, while as to the boy, I am certain his mother must put him in a straight jacket as soon as he returns from school and hang him up in a closet.

Goodnight, and may it be a wonderfully good one for you both, full of quiet restful sleep for long hours.

With a great deal of love,

Elena Darling
to
LK Emory
&
Elizabeth
Emory

Dear Lyn:-

This is not to be a letter, only a note to show you how much more you started when you read about Lyndon M. King and then sent me the clipping. Here is a Mrs. Bessie B. Everson, of Stoughton, and Everson, you will notice is a line I have not been able to xazze trace, thus far, from here. She may or may not - more likely not k know of her husband's ancestry enough to help, but she is worth trying, inspite of her politics.

Can you see if she has a further address, or is Stoughton sufficient? I thought the telephone book would give you the answer, if the town is large enough to demand street and number. If you cannot discover, I'll just try Stoughton. She may not know anything, so if she cannot be reached, it wont be any loss.

Did the last nasty bit of winter strike Madison? Early flowers are in bloom here with a bee or so around some days. Love to you both, u oh one thing more; in sending you the Pratt line, which you may already have, you gain Matthew, I think, and I further think Orson Pratt links up to him. Your poor mother, but how Sister would rejoice.
" he may not be ours-

It was in the hope of gaining him that she started me off on our family research. E.C.

Dear Lyndon & Elizabeth:-

If you have not already discovered them and put them away for safe keeping, go look in the mirror and you will see a crown shining on each of your heads, because you were forgiving enough to include me in your last letter when - the truth came appallingly to me - I had not even thanked you for your Christmas book!! It was not because I did not love it,- in fact my very affection for it made me write frequent letters as I read along, expressing this and that reaction, which left the impression with me - unfortunately it was not conveyed to you - of fully thanking you; it was not until the day before your letter came that the scandalous truth, like a most unwelcome guest, came pounding at my mental door, reducing me to sackcloth and ashes while providing sparkling crowns for you both.

Now to help you forget my sins, here is the latest in King genealogical news; at last I heard from Sen. King who referred me to his sister who has been doing some research in Vermont; eventually she responded with a copy of the old King record in the family Bible of her grandfather, and the line runs after this surprising fashion:-

William Henry King, Senator, b. 3 June, 1864, son of

William King, b. 8 April, 1834, son of

Thomas Rice King, b. 1770; d. 1845, son of

William King, b. 24 Oct, 1724; d. 1793, son of

Ezra King, b. 22 May, 1697; d. 14 Jan. 1746, son of

Lt. Samuel Rice King, b. 14 Oct. 1667, son of

Samuel Rice and Elizabeth King Rice!!

If we actually are related to Senator King as photographs would imply, how does this make us feel? Small wonder Aunt Julia stopped her investigations short off when she ran into Mormon blood, if it is to do that to us.

But to go back to Samuel Rice and his wife Elizabeth King; knowing she was going to die after the birth of her little Samuel, she gave him to her brother Peter King and the gift

You ask about great grandfather Lyndon; In your wonderful library at the Historical Society, there must be a copy of Franklin County, N. Y. I do not now recall the exact title, but I think it is one of those popular four volume publications, which are very helpful, but not always authentic. I found a copy in the Penn. Historical Society, and I am sure ~~it was~~ in ~~the~~ there was an acoount of the Rev. Mr. King (although you recall he did not like to be called "Reverend" as he said no man was good enough for that name) with others, starting the College of Central N. Y., that misbegotton venture which led to the undoing of many girls besides Aunt Mary; it spoke of Uncle Will and his brother John attending and as you know your mother as well as Aunt Mary ~~were~~ was there. Grandfather Lyndon, disgusted with the slowness of the Methodists about taking a firm stand against slavery, broke away from the body either at the Blackwater Conference or by not attending. His brother Rufus, also a minister, kept with it and made quite a name for himself in the church. Grandfather Lyndon as well as my grandfather John B. were free lances, travelling back and forth between Malone, Fulton, Ogdensburg, etc. preaching where and as they saw fit,- helping on the Underground when they could. Mother said she remembered colored people being sheltered in GrandfatherVs house, when she was a girl, and how it disturbed her both for fear of detection and because the flour barrell was always too low, at best. How stupid we were not to have asked for the many stories your mother and ours could have told,-now lost.

The cards from the children will be answered, eventually; the one from "Robin N. Allin Jr" attracts me expecially, because I am sure the decorations are all by hand, charmingly arranged and drawn, but the writing puzzles me. It cant be his, and yet some letters look as if they might be. Anyway, I like it one of the best I received,- and I have some lovely ones - yours among them, only, as usual, yours opens wide speculation as to just what it will turn into,- there are so many possibilities. Thank you both, for it in any of its ultimate forms and for the pleasure of speculating upon them. You and Elizabeth may expect yours around Fourth of July I suppose, but the love begins now and will be continuous, also the good wishes for the coming year, that Elizabeth will suffer less and less and that the garden will flourish in spite of whatever the weatherman may see

I have just discovered on the back of "Card made by Robin N. Allin Jr. Inc."

Clara Darling

Love